

CORRESPONDENCE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 2, 1889.
768 Lafayette Ave.

The spring styles are charming, and mainly so because of their great simplicity. The total abandonment of the disfiguring bustle, and the modification of the system of reefs, the convenient length of the skirts, the new and beautiful materials for every possible costume, give a promise of more sense in the future in this very important matter of the toilet. The cuts and descriptions of some of these varying styles in "L'Art de la Mode," would galvanize into new life even the most emphysematous of her sex. For teas and grand dinners we have the soft, flowing folds of the Greek dress. These gowns are always of light weight and are equally becoming to the slight and robust. We are told that Greek women never had any of the complex devices so common to the modern American lady. Apropos of these feminine mysteries the husband of a beautiful woman ex- hibited to me the last dress she wore before being consigned to the care of Dr. Weir Mitchell, and when I say that it was a heavy weight for both my hands to hold up, I am not exaggerating. I do not believe the bugled mask could have weighed less than twenty-five pounds. "Oh, dear," said the lonely and perplexed husband, "and this isn't half of it, and then there were the corsets and the tight laces. Now the poor girl wears a wrapper, and I don't if she will be able to wear anything else. Why," he added with a grim smile which made my heart ache, "I would rather have had her wear trousers like Dr. Mary Walker, than dress as she did. It has ruined her health and spoiled my life."

Among the prettiest and most economical materials are the washing silks, sometimes called silk chevrons. There are the new silk wrap-around cloths, in the lovely magnolia and water lily shades. In fact the supply of beautiful dress materials is enough to turn the head of the most experienced and blasé shopper. We are now being treated to the classic folds of the antique toga. Mrs. Jennings Miller is certainly abreast with the most tasteful and popular designers in this description of costume. She attains her ideal of classic drapery without slashing into a whole piece of goods to accomplish it, consequently a woman can use her legs as nature intended. It is now considered exceedingly vulgar for a woman to put on her bonnet in advance of her dress waist. Skin tight shoes are consigned to the rag bag, and let us hope that their oblivion is eternal. Any woman of taste can make her own dresses this spring if she pleases. The exhibition of individual talent will not offend the proprietors. A New York society woman showed me with her own fingers from a picture of a costume worn by her great-grandmother. "I have paid two hundred dollars," she said, "for dresses much less pretty than this. I had the lace (old thread), and the other materials cost me exactly twelve dollars—and I was the belle of the ball."

The report that hats and bonnets were, all to be low has no foundation in fact. On the contrary there seems to be almost as many shapes as there are individuals. High bonnets are made mostly of soft crowns. This bonnet is constructed of one piece of velvet. The brim is of velvet, and as my authority remarks, "is oddly bunched into an artistic huddle at one side." Then there are Gainsboroughs always so becoming to young and piquant faces, and the pretty princess bonnet for demure countenance. In fact there is an astonishing variety to choose from. Let not the shopper for headgear be in a hurry to select, for in this way madness lies. I do not know anything much more aggravating than to try on, and finally out of sheer exhaustion to select something that proves unbecoming. When one gets tired, one had better go home and try it again the next day. The selection of a suitable hat or bonnet is no light matter, though the matter that rests upon the head ought always to be light. Excuse the joke.

"Harper's Magazine" for April is a gorgeous number. It contains a whole encyclopedia of information in regard to Washington's Inauguration, by Prof. McMaster, illustrated by Howland Pyle and others. Those who haven't started on "Jupiter Light," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, ought to do so at once. In my opinion this is the best story so far that this excellent novelist has given us.

I find in the "Popular Science Monthly" for April a piece of news that I think will be of interest to my readers—at least the most of them. The word "agnostic" was invented by Prof. Huxley. He says, "It came in to my head as suggestively antithetical to the 'gnostic' of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant."

The "Wide Awake" for April, D. Lothrop Company, Boston, merits its name. All the girls and boys will be glad to see John Burroughs' portrait, the man who has told them so many charming and never to be forgotten things about their favorite birds, and nature generally, and will be delighted with his "School Days" so pleasantly and graphically told. Clinton Scott's "Fairy Food" is a charming conceit, and so is "Der Woman in der Sock" by Gertrude F. Harrison. The whole number is a wonder. With such delightful periodicals for our children, and such entertaining reading for the older folks, and such sensible and beautiful fashions for dress as now obtain, what is to hinder a speedier evolution?

A lady from Providence, R. I.—a place, by the way, from which questions come thick and fast—wishes to know if it is necessary to obtain the author's consent when one desires to dramatize a novel? Yes, if the author is alive. In case where he is not, the heirs sometimes expect to be consulted, and make it very lively for the

play-wright. It is always safer, and certainly more honest, to obtain permission in such cases. "Do any real good plays ever come to your bureau?" I am asked by another correspondent. Yes, I am revising one now that is excellent, and I believe will make a hit. The principal difficulty with American dramatists is found in the stage business. The dialogue is apt to be brilliant, the plot fair, and the business poor. But this can be learned, like everything else.

One of the most valuable papers that come to me—and growing more valuable every day—is "The Press and Printer," a weekly journal devoted to the printing, paper and stationery trades. There is a liberal education in the columns of this ably edited sheet for greenhorns, amateurs, and persons unacquainted with the various subjects treated, as well as the latest information for those who are skilled in these professions. "The Press and Printer" will be found invaluable for women who have been invited to the last dress she wore before being consigned to the care of Dr. Weir Mitchell, and when I say that it was a heavy weight for both my hands to hold up, I am not exaggerating. I do not believe the bugled mask could have weighed less than twenty-five pounds. "Oh, dear," said the lonely and perplexed husband, "and this isn't half of it, and then there were the corsets and the tight laces. Now the poor girl wears a wrapper, and I don't if she will be able to wear anything else. Why," he added with a grim smile which made my heart ache, "I would rather have had her wear trousers like Dr. Mary Walker, than dress as she did. It has ruined her health and spoiled my life."

"The World do Move."

To the Editor:

I suppose "praise to the face is open disgrace" is a proverb that does not apply to newspapers, so I may be allowed to say that I find *The Citizen* very bright and interesting reading. The account of "Our Lively School Meeting" in the issue of March 29d caused me to exclaim, "surely, the world do move!" Reading that ladies were present at a school meeting "with the patriotic and altogether legal if novel design of exercising their right of suffrage," carried my mind back some eight or nine years when I was, one evening, the "female solo" at a Bloomfield school meeting and had no "right of suffrage" to exercise. I remember requesting that the next school meeting be called so as to include women, and was told that it "could not be legally done," so I conclude that the laws have undergone a change in good old Jersey since then, though I had not heard of it. I am glad it is so, for I do not want any other woman to feel as I felt when I learned it was "not legal" for women to be invited to a meeting in which the schools where her children spent a large portion of their time were under discussion.

Common for the last few years that I hardly dare mention orange or alligator. Still, at the risk of being voted a bore, I will say that every orange tree hereabouts seems bent on breaking itself down with oranges next fall. Even a little tree transplanted from our nursery this winter is in bloom. Looking over the acres of young orange groves in this vicinity it seems as if we would supply the world with oranges in a few years. Some of the growers are calling for a "high protective tariff."

I saw a statement somewhere the other day—it was in *The Citizen*—that the alligator was likely to become extinct in Florida before long, but going out on the lake a few days ago and seeing six within a little while I thought it might be a mistake.

Hoping that the encouraging words of *The Citizen* will induce more ladies to attend the next school meeting I remain,

Respectfully,

CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.

Melrose, Fla., March 29, 1889.

THE PATH BELOW.

I reached Burton's in the morning, having as usual, blundered about the trail. The cabin stood just off the road and all around it was silent and dark. It had always been a wonder that his dogs did not attack me. He had three, and they were as cross and crabbed as old bears. They came running down the trail to meet me, growling and barking, but as soon as they came up they made friends. They were playing around me when I stood in front of the cabin and called:

"Hello! you! Hello! Hello!"

In about a minute a voice answered:

"Who is yer, an' what's wanted?"

"Stranger in search of lodging."

He seemed to doubt it, for he made no immediate reply. After a long minute I heard a woman arguing:

"I tell you he must be all right. If he wasn't them dogs would hev him!"

"Wall, come in!" called the man, and I stumbled along to the cabin to find him in the half-opened door with his rifle in his hands. My explanation soon satisfied him that I was all right, and he struck a light, piled some blankets in a corner and said:

"Stranger, that's the best top I kin fix ye up hand. Jist tumble down and doan' worry about nothin'."

I was soon fast asleep, having nothing to keep me awake. Right in the heart of the grim old mountains—among people whose faces I had only glanced at—among men who settled about their camp with knife and bullet—entirely at their mercy and in their power if they wanted to rob or kill—and yet there was no cause to be afraid. When you are the guest of a mountaineer you are safe.

Next morning I found the family to consist of husband, wife and three children. The oldest of the three children was a boy of 12, who had killed his bear and was a dead shot.

As soon as I looked around me I knew that a distillery could be found near by. After breakfast Burton pumped me for a few minutes, sized me up in his mind as "O. K." and said:

"Come up with me and see the boys. And I want to tell you that we've bin expecting visitors for the last two days, an' we may have a scare before night."

"What sort of visitors?"

"United States chaps after our still. They've had a spy in here to locate it. Saw him twice yesterday. There were three other men at the still, which was hidden away in a dark and rugged ravine, approached by a footpath which could be ambushed at every rod. All the corn was 'totled' on the men's backs over this path, and the kegs of whisky were slung to a pole and carried between two men in the five or six mouths it had been in operation the men had not made the wages of mechanics. I asked one of them how long since he had had a five dollar bill, and he squinted his eyes, counted his fingers, scratched his head, and finally replied:

"Wall, you may remember the battle of Stone River?"

"Yes."

"A right smart ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes, twenty-five years ago."

"Wall, jist arter that fight I had a five dollar bill, and that's the fust and last time."

What money they made by illicit distilling went for boots and shoes, clothing of the plainest kind, tinware and tobacco and tea. One of them had had three pounds of brown sugar in his house within a year. The others had not had an ounce; one, who had not tasted tea, coffee, sugar, wheat bread or butchered meat for over two years.

The still was about a mile from the house.

If any stranger came by the trail one of the dogs was sent up the ravine with a piece of cloth tied to his neck.

Half way between the two, as I discovered later on, was another path intersecting. This came 'out of another ravine, and was used by the men only occasionally. The boy was stationed at this intersection to watch both paths and give an alarm if danger threatened. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when he came running in and said:

"Spy coming, pop!"

Then an instantaneous and terrible change took place in the bearing of the men. We had been lying about as usual, every man seemingly having a heart full of kindness, but this announcement starting a blinding fire in every eye, set every jaw, and I could see desperation in every face. It needed no handwriting on the wall to tell me that the spy would be wiped off the face of the earth without compunction if discovery threatened.

Burton beckoned to me, made a signal to the others which they understood, and he climbed up the rugged face of a rock; ran for a quarter of a mile, looked back, and then, with a well-wooded, rocky hill behind him, he made a sign as he crept down beside a large rock, and cautiously approaching. I looked down into the ravine and saw a solitary man—the spy. He was sowing up the path. If he passed the spot where we were stationed, his scent alone would locate the still.

"Click! Click!"

"Good heavens! but you are not going to shoot him?" I whispered to Burton as he cocked his rifle.

He half turned. His face was as hard set as iron.

"For the sake of earning a few dollars he'll sell us starve!" he replied. "He knows his danger. Let him pass this rock and I will shoot him!"

I dare say no more. Burton was determined.

We looked down at an angle of forty-five degrees on the spy. You could have told that he was a spy by his actions. He had the gait of an Indian bent on a surprise. He looked about him like one who expected the whistle of a bullet at any moment. He came slowly on.

Could I signal him?

No! He was not looking up, but around him.

Coming—Coming—Coming—advancing at a steady pace towards death. Would Burton shoot? He already had his hand covered.

"Thump! thump! thump!"

It was my heart pounding away like a pile driver. It would be murder. I would be accessory. If I dared to shout—

Thank God! Was it the fall of a fragment of rock up on the mountain side, or the hoarse call of the great buzzard poised above us which made the spy halt in his tracks? Ten feet more and a finger will press the trigger. He peers his way and that—

he looks up and around—he starts to advance, but halts again. Is some one praying for him—has he a guardian angel who whispers a warning?

It is two minutes—two minutes which tick away so slowly that they seem to be hours in length. I lean against the great rock, almost gasping for breath, while Burton has his eye at the sight and his finger ready to pull. It is a tableau on the three hold of death. It is a pantomime at the edge of a grave.

"Go back! Go back!" I entreat in my mind.

He removes his hat, wipes his brow and is anxious.

"If you value your life go back!" I would faint say.

He looked around like one who feels danger in the air.

"You will be shot if you advance! Hear and heed the warning!"

The warning reached him by that mysterious channel which the human mind has not fathomed. I saw him start in fear, and then seeming entirely against his will he turned short about and almost ran as he hurried up the path and out of sight.

"H'm! He run as fast as he got off this time," said Burton, as he rose up and let the hammer of his rifle down.

"You would have killed him!" I asked.

"Dead as this rock!"

"It would have been murder."

"Then let him keep away from here!"

To an Early Robin.

Poor little Robin, you're come too soon. Although, to be sure, at yesterday-morn, When Sol looked down with his laughing face, And Ired you birds from your hiding place, Who would have thought that now on the gate You would be sitting, disconsolate?

L. O. King, through the fall of snow, Looking sadly for somewhere to go. Now that the sun, the noble creature, Has with his wings his every feature Alas and alas! Alas and alas!

You are wishing vainly you'd not come back. Until grim March had ended his reign, And winter's cold had begun to wane.

Poor Robin, to sorry for you am I. I'd ask you in, but I know you'd fly. Away, as soon as my voice you heard, You little man-of-strawing bird!

And even now, as I own wide My window-frame, away you glide. And yet as I watch your onward flight, Further and further beyond my sight, I fear not your fate, for know I do, That you, who loves me, cares for you, too.

PAULINE K. HOWARD.

The New Jersey State Board of Health.

PUBLIC WARNING AGAINST CHEAP BAKING POWDERS CONTAINING ALUM. A. PHOSPHATE—AID IN THEIR SUPPRESSION. PROMISED—NAME OF THE ALUM POWDERS SOLD IN THE STATE.

Trenton, N. J., State Gazette.

The New Jersey State Board of Health has published its official regulations for the enforcement of the law relating to the adulteration of food and drugs. With reference to baking powders, the following provision is made:

"Baking powders—The market is flooded with large quantities of inferior baking powders, and as these are sold largely to working people, and are used by these people as substitutes for yeast, it is necessary, in order that light bread be made, that these powders have proper leavening power. This power the cheaper powders do not have, many of them giving off very little carbonic gas. These cheap and imperfect powders contain alum or phosphate, and are so crudely compounded that a residue is left in the bread or biscuits after baking. The public are warned against the use, and in their suppression we will be faithfully aided."

The regulations provide for the collection of samples which are forwarded to the State chemists for analysis. Four chemists have been appointed as follows: Prof. A. K. Lake, Princeton; Prof. H. B. Cornwall, Princeton; Shippin Wallace, Burlington; and Dr. W. K. Newton, Paterson.

The following are the names of the alum baking powders sold in the State examined and reported upon by the State chemists. The list will be useful for dealers and consumers alike. If other cheap or new powders are discovered samples should be forwarded to the State chemist for examination:

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BLOOMFIELD SAVINGS INSTITUTION.

Annual Report to the Legislature as required by law, of the affairs and condition of the Bloomfield Savings Institution. January 1, 1889.

ASSETS.

Bonds and Mortgages \$90,500.00

U. S. Bonds (market value) 19,500.00

Interest due and accrued 2,480.75

Cash on Hand and in Bank 16,92